

THE CITIZEN

Devoted to the Interests of the Mountain People

Vol. XVI.

Five Cents a copy.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JULY 23, 1914.

One Dollar a Year.

No. 4.

Knowledge is power—and the way to keep up with modern knowledge is to read a good newspaper.

Citizen Prizes

For School Children of the Mountains

The Citizen proposes to get acquainted with the bright boys and girls who are attending the public schools of the mountains this Summer.

We wish to know what you are thinking about, and to see how brightly you can express your thoughts in well-written school pieces.

We offer a Prize for every school. We ask the teacher in each school to appoint an hour (we suggest the third Friday of August) for the reading of compositions by the older scholars. In every district in which as many as four good compositions are read we will send The Citizen for one year to the author of the one which the teacher decides is the best.

Here are the conditions:

1. Each composition must be the real thought of the boy or girl who writes it and not borrowed from any book or older person, and must contain from 100 to 300 words.

2. The writers may choose their own subjects and titles but we suggest for boys "A Man Fit to be an Example" and for girls "A Woman Fit to be an Example." Do not take any one person, but just imagine a person with the good qualities which you have seen here and there. Do not take a great public man like Lincoln though you may use some things that were in Lincoln, but describe a man or woman fit to be an example right in your own county.

3. Be sure to make it interesting. Start with something startling and conclude with something conclusive. Get in jokes and stories. Make your hearers see things as you do.

4. Write with ink, on one side of the paper, only. Underneath your title, make good sentences and group them in paragraphs and have a composition fit to print.

5. The teacher must send the four best compositions at least four with the names and post-off-

tee address of the authors to The Citizen, and tell which one is in his judgment the best. To the author of that essay The Citizen will be sent free for one year.

The teacher shall grade the papers on the scale of 100, allowing:

35 points for soundness and importance of the thought presented.

35 points for the interesting way in which the thought is presented.

10 points for correct structure of sentences, use of words, paragraphing and capitalization.

10 points for correct spelling.

10 points for clear handwriting.

Three Prizes for the Best of All.

These compositions that are judged best in the different schools will then be compared by our Managing Editor, Mr. Wertenberger, and friends he may select to assist him, and the best three of them will have still larger prizes.

The value of these larger prizes will depend upon the number of schools competing. If there are as many as one hundred schools competing the prizes will be:

First Prize, School Bills, (Board, Room, Incidental Fees, for one year in Berea, \$81 to \$94.60, according to the department entered.

Second Prize, School Bills, for two terms in Berea, \$58.50 to \$65.10.

Third Prize, School Bills for one term in Berea. Full term is longest, \$29.50 to \$32.50.

If there are less than 100 competitors the prizes will be one-half the above amounts.

Now Boys and Girls, begin to think, and to write. We hope to have some of these compositions to print in The Citizen right soon.

Now teachers, it is for you to start your bright scholars. Make August 21 a big day in your district. Who knows but that you may develop in your school the winner among a hundred competitors? Somebody is going to have one of these prizes. Why not some of your scholars?

TEACHERS ATTENTION

is called to the old song, "Home, Sweet Home" with music on last page. We give you this for use in your school to help you teach the children. We shall have some suitable recitations in the next issues that will assist you in your program.

How about it? Was it you who spoke so highly in regard to our last issue of The Citizen and forgot to sign your name? We appreciate every thing good and it is our policy to return same with good measure.

WATER STILL SCARCE

The recent rains have made very little impression upon the springs and the danger of a water famine is still very great. Users are cautioned to be very saving of water and the use of hose for watering lawns and gardens is strictly forbidden until further notice.

Thos. J. Osborne.

NEW STORY

Don't fail to read the new story—The Land of Broken Promises. Begin now. If you failed to get a copy of The Citizen with the first installment, send for one today. Letters are flooding the office almost daily from subscribers telling how very well they like this new serial.

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WORLD NEWS

Immigrants Refused Admission to Canada

July 19, at Vancouver, B. C., the Japanese steamer, Komagata Maru, which came into harbor three months ago carrying a number of Hindu passengers, was boarded by a body of armed guards sent out by the Canadian immigration authorities to hold up the Hindus from landing. Several white men were wounded and roughly handled by the Hindus. These Hindus, 350 in number, claim to be British subjects but are considered by the authorities as undesirable persons. The courts sustained the position taken by the government, and the Japanese captain was given until six o'clock, Saturday afternoon, to set sail for India.

Change in Mexican Affairs

As we went to press last week we announced the departure of Huerta and the installation of his successor Carranza. Some of the late news items state that Huerta is still at Puerto Mexico, waiting for transportation. Francisco Carranza, who was appointed foreign minister by Huerta according to the Mexican constitution, succeeds to the presidency in case of vacancy. He is a Mexican jurist and has had but little to do with politics, now finds himself all of a sudden president of his country. He has little hope of continuing in office. It was expected that he would act as president till the rebels would take possession of affairs. The near approach of Zapata from the South to Mexico City is confirmed. It is feared that the detached portions of the rebel army will not harmonize in a peaceful march into Mexico City. A move is now on foot to combine all the rebel forces under one command in order to have more perfect control of them. If this is done peace in the war-stricken country may be near.

Mme. Caillaux Declares She Shot

Editor to Protect Her Honor

Paris, July 20.—The trial of Mme. Caillaux, who murdered M. Calmette, editor of La Figaro in March last, was begun. For three hours she held the attention of the audience as she recited her defense. At times she commanded the sympathy of the crowd. She in most eloquent style, went into every detail of the crime she committed. She expressed deep sorrow but declares she shot the editor.

(Continued on Page 5.)

Is The Citizen Worth a Dollar?

Our agents are asked this question.

Some newspapers are cheaper—why is The Citizen put at a dollar?

In the first place because it costs a dollar. We use good paper, good type, put in far better reading matter, and more of it, than other papers of 8 pages, and refuse bad advertisements. Going on this basis we have lost money every year. Neighbors we can't give you what we have not got! "Honest Injun." The Citizen costs a dollar and more for every subscriber.

In the next place a local paper always costs more than a city paper unless it is supported by some kind of "graft." The city paper can get more for its advertising. The local paper having a smaller number of subscribers has larger expenses in proportion. Most local papers in this part of the country use cheap paper and give very little good reading matter. Local papers in the West all charge \$1.50 a year.

So you must go without The Citizen or else pay a dollar a year. Now is it worth a dollar to you and your family?

If you have a paper at all you want a good one. You want good paper and type so that young and old can read without distress or eye trouble. You want all kinds of reading matter that The Citizen provides—something for the farmer, the housekeeper, the young folks—the news, the Sunday School lesson, the jokes, the stories, and you want a paper made especially for Kentucky and not for Kansas City or Ohio!

You want to know how to run a farm in these mountains and not in Missouri! You want help in house-keeping on these forks and branches and in these valleys, and not in some city! And you want news about your neighbors as well as about things that are far off!

And you want a paper that stands up for the mountains, and for temperance and religion, and for progress and uplift, as The Citizen does. If you did not read it yourself you ought to pay a dollar a year just to benefit the community!

The Citizen has been the big thing in bringing up many a family from shiftless renters to prosperous, land owning farmers. It helps put ambition into boys and girls; it is everywhere a helper. It is worth a great deal more than a dollar a year. If you paid its worth it would be nearer a dollar a week!

"Free Silver" Endorses "Votes for Women"

William Jennings Bryan has written a long letter in favor of Woman Suffrage. He is a good man, and well-known, and the letter will be widely read. But he is not a wise man. He thought he could benefit the country by "The free coinage of silver, 16 to 1. "Votes for women" is much the same kind of a delusion. It seems to some as though it would benefit women, but it would drive a wedge through every home, and upset the sweet balance of duties that gives dignity to both men and women. It is "a reform against nature".

THE HEALTH MASTER

Chapters from the book so entitled by Samuel Hopkins Adams, published by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE DOCTOR KNOWS

(Continued from last week)

"Very well," returned the other coolly; "I appreciate it. Many a fool wouldn't go even so far."

Mr. Clyde smiled. "I own to the soft impeachment. From what Dr. Magruder said I judge you saved that fellow from the hospital."

"I judge I did—no thanks to you! You've a grip like a vise."

"Yes; I keep in good training," said the other pleasantly. "A man of my age has to, if he is to hold up his work."

He looked concernedly at the stranger who had involuntarily lapsed against the tree again. "See here," he added, "I don't believe you're well."

"No; I don't believe I am," answered the tall man; "but I do believe that it is peculiarly my own affair whether I am or not."

"Nonsense! Man, your nerves are on the jump. You used yourself up on that chap in the street car. Come across to my club and take something to brace you up."

People usually found it hard to resist Mr. Clyde's quiet persuasiveness. The stranger, after a moment of consideration, smiled.

"Begin with a light and end with a drink?" he asked. "That's a reversal of the usual process. If your bill of fare runs to a cup of hot milk as late as this, I'd be glad to have it."

As they entered the club, Mr. Clyde turned to his guest.

"What name shall I register?" The stranger hesitated. "Strong," he said finally.

"Dr. Strong?"

"Of what place?"

"Any place—Calcutta, Paris, Mexico City, Philadelphia, Rio. I've

tried 'em all. I'm a man without a country, as I am without a profession." He spoke with the unguarded bitterness of shaken nerves.

"Well—yes—Dr. Strong if you will."

"Without a profession! But you said 'doctor'."

"A title isn't a profession," returned the guest shortly.

Turning that over in his mind, Mr. Clyde led the way to a quiet table in the corner of the dining-room, where he gave his order. Observing that his new acquaintance was disquieted, he swung into the easy conversational flow of a cultured man of the world, at the same time setting his keen judgment of men to work upon the other. There was much there to interest a close observer. The face indicated not much over thirty years; but there were harsh lines in the broad and thoughtful forehead, and the hair that waved away from it was irregularly bloated with gray. The eyes, very clear and liquid, were marked by an expression of restlessness and stress.

Mr. Thomas Clyde decided that he liked the man.

"You've been a traveler, Doctor?" he asked.

"Yes. I've seen life in many countries—and death."

"And traced the relations between them, I suppose?"

"Oh, I've flashed my little pinpoint lantern at Great Darkness in the fond hope of discovering something," returned the other cynically.

"In a way, I'm interested in those matters," continued Mr. Clyde. "They've organized a Public Health League here, and made me president of it. More from finance than

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Soldiers' Picnic

It has come to be a regular institution of Berea to have a soldiers' picnic at some time during the summer, usually in July. For many years it was held among the oaks of Prof. Dodge's yard. Since they gave up the old home it has been in the college park.

This interesting event for 1914 occurred on Saturday, the 18th, inst. By nine o'clock in the morning the old soldiers and their families began to assemble. The gathering was under the auspices of Capt. James West, G. A. R. post and Woman's Relief Corps. But sons and daughters of soldiers were welcome and a few other persons were invited. Tables and chairs from College dining halls were on the grounds; coffee in abundance was in large cans; and basket eatables continued to come until nearly noon.

After dinner and the restoration of the tin cups to their sacks and of dishes to baskets, the gathering resolved itself into an open post meeting or campfire. This lasted for more than two hours. Post Commander Lewis Sandlin presiding. Prof. Dodge, the past department Commander read the last General Orders, both Department and National, making some verbal explanations. He then spoke earnestly as to the obligation of Union soldiers to be connected with the Grand Army of the Republic, that patriotic organization which has so helped the comrades in securing their pensions. He also dwelt upon the importance of distinguishing between charity for those who mistakenly fought for the rebellion and a lenient judgment as to their cause itself. Rev. H. L. McMurray told of the suffering and wounds of his father in the Union army, and rejoiced in the present harmonious relations of the North and South. Rev. Green B. Miller of Richmond, former Department Chaplain, brought

greetings from T. D. Sedgwick post, and spoke eloquently of the blessings of freedom which the war brought to him and his race. Mrs. E. L. Hanson briefly represented the Woman's Relief Corps, the right hand of the Post in its patriotic work. Rev. B. H. Roberts spoke of the terrors of war as it seemed to him in seeing the marshalling of the troops in his boyhood. He emphasized the plea of Prof. Dodge, not to regard the rebellion itself as other than a great wrong. A. P. Settle, Esq., from London, Ky., but formerly for years a resident of Berea, dwelt upon the fact that it was the difference of environment which made some Union men and some rebels. Comrade Geo. W. Cope of Livingston, protested against any change in our flag, in deference to a wicked rebellion. Comrade Jas. M. Gahbard was called out to give a touch of the humorous side of the war, and sang two or three songs which provoked laughter. He closed with one which was pathetic.

A suggestion that we invite the next Kentucky Encampment to Berea was discussed at some length. Besides some of those already named, remarks were made by Mrs. W. E. Hayes, Mrs. Mary H. Dodge, and Comrades M. B. Ramsey, Horace Yates, Stephen Farris, and Wm. M. Hayes. The decision of the question whether to extend an invitation this year or wait a little longer was postponed until the August meeting of Post and Corps. The exercises closed with the singing of "Best Be the Tie That Binds." The attendance was less than at picnics before the Grim Reaper had broken into the ranks so often. But as the people reluctantly separated one could hear repeated exclamations that the perfect weather and the universal fellowship had made this one of the most enjoyable and profitable of all the soldiers' picnics.

UNITED STATES NEWS IN OUR OWN STATE

Congress Will Remain in Session Till Fall if Necessary

Washington, July 20.—Members of Congress who are loyal to the administration have given up hope for adjournment till fall. Both houses of Congress are having trouble keeping a quorum; but the party whips are freely applied bringing members who have left back to Washington. It is hoped what business there is, can be done quickly. The anti-trust bills and the general debate on Interstate Commerce Commission will be the principal things up this week.

Louisiana in Midst of Rat Catch

A statewide cleaning up of towns and cities of Louisiana is urged by Oscar Dowling, president of the State Board of Health, in a letter by him of the 20th. Seven cases of bubonic plague are reported in New Orleans and three deaths from same. It is hoped that the daily rat catch of 1,000 will be increased by more traps and effective means of destruction.

Men of Ninety-Eight Western Railroads Meet the Federal Board

The meeting held on the 20th consisting of representatives of ninety-eight roads and the Federal Board was not an arbitration meeting but one in which the men mean to show that the western roads are prosperous as are the eastern and that they stand for a raise of wages and shorter time as the eastern men have. The men stand firm in their demands but if the meeting results satisfactorily they may submit to arbitration.

Much Beer in Little Kanawha River

This was an occurrence at Parkersburg, W. Va., where 12,000 gallons of beer was poured into the river under the supervision of deputy internal revenue collector, R. L. Hays. It was so destroyed in order to avoid paying the Federal Tax. Since July 1st under the prohibition law intoxicants can neither be made or sold in West Virginia.

A Disputed Line Fence Causes Three Men to Be Shot

At Weston, W. Va., on the 19th, a shooting affair occurred over a long disputed line fence in which three men were killed and another seriously wounded. The Mammon and Fletcher families for some years had grievances between them which were intensified a week ago by a fight and ending on the 19th in the general shouting affray.

(Continued on Page 5.)

The Agricultural Special

The experts who report on the 18th as being in the heart of the mountains have much to say about the marked interest and improvement in that region. The mountain people are eager to know the better methods of soil improvement. The experts are much impressed by the great natural resources of that section in mineral products and lumber. They found the people dependent for their source of supplies from things shipped in. This was corrected by advocating better gardens, more and better poultry, fruit culture to the extent of supplying home needs with a small surplus for the market.

Schools Improved in Jackson County

Good news from Jackson County is that the old desks seats are being replaced by new patent desks in all the schools. It is hoped for the sake of the children that this is true and that other counties will catch the idea and make this year a year of change to better things in the country schools.

School Per Capita Higher Than Ever Before in Kentucky

The school per capita for 1914-15 will be \$4.50 for each pupil. The per capita is based on school resources amounting to \$3,061,544. There are 730,000 pupils of school age and taught by 11,000 teachers.

Campbell County to Go Dry

The Campbell County Laymen's League are doing good work in starting a petition for signers to bring about an election for October 3. They report considerable difficulty in getting signatures because Newport is in a bad way financially and they fear the loss of revenues. The dry forces say Campbell County voters are in favor of local option and if sufficient names are secured the election will be held.

Illinois Central Wins Out Against 2 1/2 Cent Fare

Kentucky law is pronounced invalid by Judge James P. Gregory of the Jefferson Criminal Court on the 18th. He based his decision on the absence of an enacting clause which the recent legislature failed to include in the law. All the trunk lines of Kentucky have revised their passenger tariffs to conform to the two and one-half rate except the Illinois Central, who put the law to a test and won. Not many changes back to the old tariff are likely to be made on account of this recent decision.

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The Citizen

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(Incorporated)

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C. H. WERTENBERGER, Managing Editor
F. O. BOWMAN, Assistant Manager

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No Whiskey Advertisements!
No Immodest News Items!

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Ruth Hoyt has been made police chief at Wellesley college.

Lady Bertha Hawkins acts as a nanniesmaid to Queen Mary of England.

Miss Jeanne Duport has been given the degree of doctor of literature at the Paris Sorbonne. She is the first woman to receive this degree at this school.

Mrs. Belle Van Dorn Harbert of Denver, president of the International Congress of Farm Women, has been decorated with the cross of the Order of Agriculture of Belgium. She is the first woman to be so honored.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is well known in art circles as a painter of landscapes. She has had advantage for study, both in this country and abroad, and it was while a student at the Art Students' league, in New York, that she met the future president of the United States.

Mexican Matters.

In Mexico the land is so rich that "patrons" grow wild there.—Atlanta Constitution.

Mexican peons are getting the land back slowly, but surely—six feet at a time.—Washington Post.

Former President Taft's characterization of Mexico as "an international nuisance" seems to cover that situation.—St. Louis Republic.

Mexico may yet see a republican form of government that aims at other purposes than the establishment of a virtual tyranny for the benefit of a passing adventurer.—Washington Star.

Town Topics.

Paris has a no gambling club. Anything for society.—New York Sun.

Milwaukee is famous also for the prize fights that it has.—Chicago News.

A man in New York tried to bribe a policeman with stage money. Such a state of innocence is hard to imagine; to the Gotham mind, impossible.—Baltimore American.

We are not living in frontier days. Chicago is not a frontier city. Yet we are perhaps the most armed city in the world. Boys in some districts carry guns with as great frequency as they do watches.—Chicago Tribune.

Stray Stories.

A horse net at a California factory wears close fitting goggles to protect its eyes from chemical fumes.

One of the scarcest of American autographs is said to be that of John Eliot, the famous "apostle to the Indians."

Forty-eight cities in the world have a certified population exceeding half a million, according to the latest census returns.

In the year 1627 Drabellius invented the thermometer. The barometer was likewise invented by Torricelli the same year.

The Art of War.

All field guns heretofore built for the United States army will be so mounted that they can be used against aeroplanes.

A bullet from a high power rifle travels 8,000 feet a second; one from an automatic pistol less than half that distance.

Gold backed mirrors for searchlights are being tried by British warships on the theory that they will penetrate fog better and distinguish more readily a gray vessel against a background of similar color.

Three Reels.

Turin is the Italian center of the moving picture film making industry. In Singapore motion picture theater seats are provided for the poorer native classes behind the screens at reduced prices.

A Polish scientist is the inventor of a motion picture camera which can be carried in the hand and which is operated by compressed air as long as a button is pressed.

GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG ANNOUNCES HIS PLATFORM

Distinguished Candidate For the Short Term
Senatorship Gives Reasons For Nomination—Asks For Recognition



GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG

PLATFORM AND ANNOUNCEMENT

To the Democratic Voters of Kentucky:

I am a candidate on the Democratic ticket in the primary for the Short Term in the United States Senate. This service will last only ninety days.

I ask the votes of my party because I have served it with unflinching loyalty for more than forty years. In every city, state and national campaign since 1872, without compensation, or even the payment of traveling expenses, I have gone when and where the party authorities asked, and defended Democratic principles and advocated the election of its standard bearers.

In the contest between Governor Beckham and John W. Yerkes, at Mt. Sterling, I assisted in opening the campaign. One hundred thousand copies of my speech were distributed amongst the people. In the contest between Judge Hager and Wilson I rendered all possible aid to the Democratic standard bearers.

I was one of Governor Goebel's counsel in his contest before the Election Commission, and also before the Legislature. I became Governor Beckham's adviser when he took the office, and he declared no man ever had better counsel. At his request I induced General John B. Castleman to become Adjutant General, and General Castleman's services did much to save civil war and widespread bloodshed in Kentucky. When the members of the Legislature, after the assassination of Wm. Goebel, were driven from Frankfort and their warrants for pay were refused, in order to hold them together until they could return to the capital I arranged, through my own bank, to advance the pay of all who needed or desired it until such time as warrants could be secured. This amounted to many thousands of dollars.

I was a member of the Constitutional Convention and stood for the rights of the people in every contest in that body. As Chairman of the Committee on Municipalities I fostered the enactment that limits all grants of franchises to 20 years and required their sale for the benefit of the public and not for political favorites or grafters. This has already put hundreds of thousands of dollars in the city and county treasury, and will when old grants expire, add many millions more. I was the principal advocate of the clauses preventing railway discrimination and the acquisition of competing lines by railroads. The value of these provisions can not be estimated in money.

This is my first and it will be my only request for office, and after forty years of labor and service to my party I ask the honor of representing in the United States Senate the state of Kentucky, for which my forefathers fought the red man, the state in which I was born, I have lived, and always served as best I could. I pray Kentucky may always be right, but I shall always be for Kentucky, right or wrong.

BENNETT H. YOUNG.

Louisville, Ky., July 8th.

In response to the expressed wishes of many hundred voters throughout the state, General Bennett H. Young today made public the platform upon which he rests his candidacy for the Short Term in the United States Senate, to cover the ninety days, running from November 15th, 1914, to March 1st, 1915. General Young has for more than forty-two years been identified with the Democratic party in Kentucky. Returning after the war, in 1868, and settling in Louisville, Ky., he took up the practice of law, where he quickly took front rank among the foremost members of the bar. From that day to the present time he has been a consistent, earnest worker for Democratic success, and never failed to help in any campaign by contribution or speeches.

Service in Constitutional Convention. His first public service, and the only elective office that he has ever held, was as a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1890.

As Chairman of the Municipal Committee he was largely instrumental in framing the Constitution which has done so much to protect the people of Kentucky. After the Constitutional Convention he became one of the leaders in explaining and advocating the adoption of the new Constitution by the people of Kentucky, who responded with an unprecedented majority in favor of the new instrument. At the time it was viciously attacked, especially by the corporations. Previous

to the Constitution of 1890 franchises for city railways and other public utilities were farmed out to those favorites who might be able to secure them by use of influence or in other ways much less reputable. Under this Constitution all such franchises must be sold to the highest bidder. Had this plan been adopted fifty years before it would have been worth \$100,000,000 to the people of Kentucky. Under the present Constitution they must be sold at public outcry and can last only twenty years.

He was also largely instrumental in securing the provision in the Constitution which prevents a railroad from securing control of competing lines. This has been shown to be a most valuable provision, notable so in the suit by which the state prevented the purchase of what is known as the Illinois Central Railroad by the Louisville & Nashville, and so secured competition for all of Southwestern Kentucky. In money it is almost impossible to value the benefit of this provision.

Advisor of Goebel.

There has never been a canvass of any importance in the State of Kentucky for the last forty years in which General Young has not taken part, always paying his own expenses and giving his time without compensation, speaking and organizing. In the dark days of 1899 and 1900 he became one of the counsel of William Goebel in his contest for the office of Governor before the Election Commission and af-

terward one of his counsel in the contest before the Legislature. He was the last one of his lawyers to confer with him and had arranged a line of argument to be presented on the following day, a few minutes before Goebel was shot down in the grounds of the capitol. After the stricken Governor was carried to the Capital Hotel, at his request General Young went out upon the balcony of the hotel and urged the people in Frankfort to do no act of violence, but to live within the law.

At that time it was feared that the Federal Government would interfere, and when it was certain that Governor Goebel could not live, General Young was urged to come at once to Frankfort, and arrived there from Louisville about the time Goebel died.

General Young wrote the oath that Governor Beckham took upon assuming the place made vacant by the death of Governor Goebel, and at once became his advisor and counsel.

When it was necessary to advise with counsel of W. S. Taylor, who were then in the Capitol Building, with John K. Hendricks, of Paducah, General Young was appointed by the rest of Governor Goebel's counsel to confer with Mr. Taylor's lawyers and took such steps as would prevent conflict. Upon entering the State House he was confronted by soldiers who had their bayoneted guns across the entrance. Being refused admission, they defied these soldiers and entered the State House, and, after a conference with Governor Bradley and associates, such arrangements were made as prevented bloodshed between the contending factions. In connection with Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, Phil B. Thompson and Judge Thomas Smynter, he remained in Frankfort to look after the interests of Governor Beckham. Many friends urged him to leave the capital, but he simply decided that duty called him there and he remained until the end.

Governor Beckham, in introducing him to an audience on an occasion when General Young was making a speech upon the anniversary of Governor Goebel's death, said that General Young had been his wisest and truest advisor and his best counsel in those trying days.

In the Contest Between Beckham and Yerkes.

When the contest occurred between Governor Beckham and John W. Yerkes, General Young was asked by the State Committee to make one of the opening speeches of the campaign at Mt. Sterling, Ky. The committee published 100,000 copies of this speech for distribution, and it was not only largely circulated, but published either in whole or in part in every Democratic paper in the state, and it was agreed at that time that this speech had a very large influence in aiding Governor Beckham's election.

In introducing General Young some time afterward to Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Senator Blackburn said that this Mt. Sterling speech at the opening of this campaign was, in his judgment, the most effective campaign speech ever made in Kentucky.

Long Service for the Democratic Party.

In every contest General Young has always borne an earnest and active part and has probably made more speeches than any man in Kentucky who has never held office. Beginning with the period when he helped canvass for Governor McCrory, when he was candidate for Governor the first time, in 1878, down to the present time, his labor and his money have been at the command of the party, and he has never hesitated in his loyalty to the principles and organization of the Democratic party.

General Young is an Earnest Supporter of President Woodrow Wilson.

General Young is an earnest supporter of President Woodrow Wilson, and believes that all loyal Democrats should rally to his support in upholding him in his wise and humane policy.

This is the first and only office that General Young has ever asked at the hands of the Democrats of Kentucky, and great numbers of voters have said that in view of his long service to the party, his intellectual attainments and general fitness for this high office, the Democrats of Kentucky could send no better man to the United States Senate.

UNANIMOUSLY ENDORSED

General Young's Home County Wants Him.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the speaking of General Bennett H. Young at his opening address for the Short Term of the United States Senate after his speech at Nicholasville, July 4th, 1914:

"The Democrats of Jessamine County, with great satisfaction and pride, commend to the people of Kentucky their fellow-countryman, General Bennett H. Young, for the position of United States Senator for the Short Term. Born in our midst, we have watched his career for many years with general interest. Jessamine County feels honored to be able to offer to the people of Kentucky one so splendidly qualified to fill the high place to which he aspires. A Democrat of Democrats, ever loyal to the party, we are assured that he will meet every expectation of all the people of his native state.

"His forceful and eloquent advocacy of the principles of Democracy for the past forty years should endear him to every voter in Kentucky, and his usefulness as a citizen in developing the state ought to win for him a great victory in the August primary."

DR. J. A. VAN ARSDALE, Chairman.
JOHN H. WELSH, Secretary.

(ad)

Political Tares

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute,
Chicago

TEXT—"While men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat." Matt. 13:25.



The approach of our national holiday gives occasion for a discourse on our political situation from a Christian standpoint. This nation is a trust from God for whose wise administration we shall all be held proportionally responsible. More over the maintenance of God's honor and the progress of his

truth in the earth are so affected by human governments that he is not only a weak citizen but a weak Christian who, making one in a republic, allows himself to become indifferent to its administration.

There have been those who have believed this nation to be a peculiar favorite of God. They have felt that he led thither those who laid its foundation upon Plymouth Rock. That he served the hearts of their successors who cemented its masonry with the blood of Stoner Hill and Yorktown. They have felt, to change the figure, that these men sowed good seed in this field, but while men slept, while we have all been engrossed in our schemes for wealth, an enemy hath sowed tares. The situation to day is not the harvest our forefathers would have wished. It is not the legitimate outcome of the Declaration of Independence.

I. One of our political tares is the peculiar tide of immigration to our shores, the character of which has changed radically within a few years. Our first settlers had an inborn spirit of freedom and a past history of conquest and success, and their immediate successors, though sometimes inferior in other respects, were of kindred blood, and came from lands where the spirit of liberty and the political duties of the individual have been cherished. They have thus been easily assimilated and have helped to build up the prosperity of the country. But it is not so with reference to the present immigrants, many of whom have been down-trodden politically, and have no ideal of citizenship. We should rejoice, indeed, at an opportunity to be a blessing to them, but we should not swallow more of them than we are able to digest.

II. Another of these "tares" is the liquor traffic, lying as it does at the center of all political and social mischief, and paralyzing energies in every direction. The responsibility of Christian citizens lies in their willingness to permit it to exist, and worse still to permit it to exist for a consideration! It is impossible to destroy the appetite, but it is not impossible to deny the opportunity to gratify the appetite by law. Has not the time come for Christians who know the meaning of the Declaration of Independence, to say nothing of the Decalogue, to break the shackles which bind them to a social custom, to a blind prejudice, or even to a political party, in order to nerve their homes, their God and their native land in driving this rum demon from our shores?

III. Another of these "tares" is the secularization of the Sabbath day—a growing tendency to change that day from a holy day into a holiday, to convert it from a day of rest into a day of labor, to neglect the public worship of God, the sacred observance of his laws for the sake of social pleasures and business gains.

Who is responsible for these things? Could secular enterprises prosper on the Lord's day if Christians frowned upon them? And has not God a controversy with us for these things? Will he not avenge himself on such a nation as this? How can we have religion without worship? And how can we have worship without a Sabbath?

What can we do about these things? (1) We can throw the weight of our example on the right side. We can certainly do this so far as the keeping of the Sabbath is concerned, and so far as the liquor traffic is concerned. God would have saved Sodom had there been ten righteous men in that place.

(2) We may throw a ballot on the right side. As Joseph Cook once said: "The managing politicians care for nothing but arithmetic and, therefore, one of our supreme duties is to stand up, and stand together, and be counted." The powers that be are ordained of God, and as God's servants we are to see that his will, and not the will of Satan, is carried out in the selection of them.

(3) There is a third thing we can do, and that is pray. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Remember Abraham's intercession for Sodom and Gomorrah for Jerusalem. But alas, how little do we pray for these things! Alas for our patriotism when we are besieging the throne of grace!

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. REILLY, Director of Training Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago)

LESSON FOR JULY 26

THE POUNDS AND THE TALENTS.
LESSON TEXT—Luke 19:11-27. Cf. Matt. 25:14-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter into the joy of thy lord." Matt. 25:21 R. V.

We are told plainly why Jesus spoke the first parable (v. 11). We must beware of confusing these two parables though they are one in their essential teachings.

The parable of the pounds was uttered before the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem while that of the talents was spoken subsequently. This association does not mean identity for each has a separate lesson. Both have to do with an absent lord whose return was imminent. The Jews looked for a temporal visible Kingdom and many were associating the earthly life of our Lord with that expected manifestation. Hence this parable as recorded by Luke.

Issue is Fidelity.

I. "Occupy Till I Come," vv. 11-14. Both of these parables have to do with the return of an absent lord who will then establish his kingdom. In view of this return and consummation, his servants are to give their undivided attention to their immediate responsibilities. They are to trade, to do business with that that has been entrusted to them. They are to actively discharge their duty. For the visible Kingdom is established, Jesus told these Jews, there must be a period of preparation. Jesus, himself, is the "noblemen" whose ascension into heaven where he is to receive a kingdom fulfills the "departure into a far country." He will return to set up that kingdom, Acts 1:9-11, with "all authority," Matt. 28:18 R. V., Eph. 1:22; 1 Pet. 3:22. He may return at any time. In neither parable is there a full description of the kingdom as it is to be established, for both have to do with the servants. The issue is that of fidelity in each case.

The "citizens" (v. 14) include his proper subjects the Jews, John 1:11; Acts 4:27-28, and in this connection we recall their cry, "Away with him, crucify him," Luke 23:8; John 19:15. These "citizens," also include all of his professed followers, but not necessarily regenerated men, Matt. 7:22-23. The king gives to each servant (v. 13) a pound (about \$18.00). His deposit is equal in each case. In the parable of the talents there is a difference in the amounts bestowed. This last emphasizes the fact that each is to be held responsible according to the measure of his own personal ability. Putting these two together we see that all the servants of the king are responsible for the one pound which is a symbol of the common fact of the kingdom power. At the same time the servant is also responsible for that common power according to the measure in which it is entrusted to him, in which he is able to deal with it. The small amount of one pound indicates our responsibility for the smallest gifts.

Parable of Pounds.

II. "When He Was Returned," vv. 15-30. The parable of the pounds was spoken to those who thought he must at once establish his kingdom of God. That of the talents was given in answer to the disciples' inquiry as to when certain things which he had foretold would take place. Upon his return all these servants will be summoned before him, Matt. 25:13, Rom. 14:10-12, 11 Cor. 5:10. As Jesus stood there, he, likewise of that as of all other ages, saw ahead of him Jerusalem with its scourging, suffering and death. He also saw beyond that his resurrection and departure to receive a kingdom (v. 12), a period therefore in this world during which his servants shall be responsible for the care of his interests, a time during which they shall occupy, do business with what he has entrusted them of the kingdom authority and power. All of this will culminate in his return when he will deal with those to whom this responsibility has been given, and then establish finally his kingdom. In the parable Jesus deals with each servant separately, and emphasizes the fact of stewardship. The pound belonged to the king. For his faithfulness the first servant received, v. 17, (a) the king's commendation and (b) authority over ten cities. Later, (v. 24) he also received another pound. The second did not give quite as good a report, and his reward lacked the approbation of the king, though he is placed over "five cities." His reward was in proportion to his faithfulness.

The third report was bad. It reveals neglect, laziness, and a wrong conception regarding the king. He sought to excuse his sloth by blaming another. The excuses of the slave always condemn himself, not God, and augment the sinner's guilt. The "wicked servant" lost what he would not use. If we will not use we must lose. Doubtless this servant considered himself unfortunate, though he was judged "out of his own mouth." Reverting again to those citizens who hated him and would not have the king to "reign over them," Jesus closes his parable (v. 27).

ART PORTRAYAL CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BEREA AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

BRECK & EVANS

Nearly all of the Fire Insurance Companies have withdrawn from the state, but Breck & Evans have some Old Strong Companies that will furnish Any Kind of Insurance you want.

THE OGG STUDIO

WE MAKE PHOTOS

In all new and popular styles—oval, round, oblong or square shapes, or we'll make you a picture in any distinctive or particular style you wish.

G. C. PURKEY

Over Berea Bank and Trust Co.

WATCHES BARGAINS WATCHES

Go to Marcum's to get your jewelry. Everything guaranteed. Prices the lowest, quality considered.

Next door to Clarkston's Hardware, Main Street.

L. & N. TIME TABLE

North Bound, Local

Knoxville 7:00 a. m. 10:55 p. m.
BEREA 1:07 p. m. 3:52 a. m.
Cincinnati 6:30 p. m. 7:45 a. m.

South Bound, Local

Cincinnati 6:30 a. m. 8:15 p. m.
BEREA 12:34 p. m. 12:33 a. m.
Knoxville 7:00 p. m. 6:50 a. m.

Express Train

No. 33 will stop to take on passengers for Knoxville and points beyond.

South Bound

Cincinnati 8:00 a. m.
BEREA 11:55 a. m.

No. 32 will stop at Berea to take on passengers for Cincinnati, O., and points beyond.

North Bound

BEREA 4:45 p. m.
Cincinnati 8:50 p. m.

Messrs. J. W. Bratcher and Pleas Evans, both prosperous farmers of near Berea, returned last week from Jackson and Owsley Counties, where they have been buying sheep. On this trip they bought 290. Part of these were contracted for, and Mr. Bige Estridge bought the rest last Saturday.

Welch's guarantee on buggies is worth more alone than lots of buggies. (ad)

Mr. John Jackson, after spending several weeks in Michigan with his brother, returned to Berea last Friday for a few weeks visit with his parents.

Mr. A. J. Smith visited at home the latter part of last week.

Mr. Sam Parks Burnam of Richmond is in town this week shipping ties.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Rhodus spent Monday and Tuesday of this week shopping in Cincinnati.

Miss Estella Bicknell of Richmond was visiting in Berea Sunday.

Mr. Edgar Moore went over to Paint Lick to see the ball game between Paint Lick and Berea last Saturday.

The largest line of buggies in eastern Kentucky now on exhibition at Welch's. (ad)

Mr. Ben B. Gabbard has been in Berea for several days on account of the illness and death of his brother, Harry.

Mr. F. M. Morgan left Tuesday for Hazard, Ky. Judge Moran plans to go into the livery business there.

Miss Ruby Smith spent the week's end with Mrs. G. B. Todd of Paint Lick.

Mr. Joe Bender of Richmond was a Berea visitor last Saturday and Sunday.

On Friday of last week a horse ran away with Abel Gabbard, Jr., and his sister, Susie. Abel was hurt quite seriously and is confined to his bed. Susie was only slightly bruised.

Mr. Edgar Wyatt went up to Hazard, Sunday, where he will be employed to lay brick for some time.

Mr. Sam Lucas spent last week in Letcher County.

Miss Daisy Gilbert of Speedwell was visiting with Berea friends last Sunday.

Miss Janet Stephens returned recently from Hamilton, Ohio, where she has been visiting with relatives and friends for some time.

Mr. John Welch spent several days last week in Cincinnati on business.

Mrs. B. H. Chrisman and daughter, Neva, who have been studying music in Cincinnati for several weeks returned, Tuesday night. Mr. Chrisman spent the first of the week there and accompanied them home.

Mr. Joe Riddle of Brodhead, student of the Vocational department last year, was in town Saturday and Sunday visiting with friends.

S. B. Combs has three houses and lots for sale on Center St. joining college property. \$1500 cash. (ad)

Mr. Everett Adams has recently accepted a position in the post office at Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Howard Hudson returned from Chicago last Saturday.

Mr. Robt. F. Spence who underwent a very serious operation for appendicitis, is almost entirely well. He plans to take up his work with the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Knott County some time in August.

The best buggies in the world at Welch's. (ad)

Mr. Arch Spicer who about three weeks ago underwent an operation at the College Hospital, having a fractured bone replaced in his hip, is able to be walking around on his crutches.

Miss Vivian Ecker, student of the Academy, who has been in Berea this summer, left for her home near Cynthiana for the remaining part of the summer.

WANTED—at once: Young men for automobile business. Big pay. We make you expert in ten weeks by mail. Pay us after we secure you position. American Automobile Institute, Los Angeles, Cal. (ad)

Mr. Leo F. Gilligan returned last week from a very delightful visit of a few days at home.

Mr. W. P. Montgomery of Richmond, who has been plumbing for the college for a few weeks, is moving his family to Berea this week.

Prof. and Mrs. M. E. Marsh are being visited for several days by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Beeler, daughter, Hazel, and son, Donald, of Seattle, Wash. Mrs. Beeler is Mrs. Marsh's sister.

Rev. Rhodes of West Virginia, student of Berea during the Spring term, is holding a series of meetings near Berea at present. Rev. Rhodes spent a day or two in Berea last week.

Mrs. Vaughn, wife of Secretary Vaughn was quite sick at the College Hospital last week but is better now. She was removed to her home Monday.

Mr. Chas. Coyle of Mitchell, Ind., visited from last Friday until Monday with his parents and other relatives.

Mrs. Mary Evans was visited over Sunday by her son-in-law and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler of Brodhead, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morgan of St. Louis are visiting Mrs. Morgan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, near Berea for several days.

Messrs. Edgar Moore, Chester Parks, Oscar Hays, Joe Johnson, Alex Gibbs and Eli Cornelison motored over to Mt. Sterling Tuesday to attend the first day of the fair.

Mrs. Golden, manager of the Coop Store, spent last Friday and Saturday on business in Lexington.

Mr. Kellogg of Richmond motored up to Berea, Saturday, of last week.

Miss Ella Eversole of Crompton, Ky., is visiting for several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Steele on Chestnut St.

Mr. Chas. Burdette is spending this week in Jackson County on business.

Dr. and Mrs. Steele and their sister, Miss Eversole of Crompton, Ky., spent Sunday with friends at Kingston, Ky.

Miss Kate Coddington and mother, Mrs. M. Coddington, after visiting for some time with Mr. Bert Coddington and family left last week for a visit with relatives at Seymour, Ind. From there they will go to Yellow Springs, Ohio, for a visit with the Blazars and from there they return to their home at Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Chas. Hobler of London is visiting for a while with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Early on Chestnut St.

Mr. O. D. Rader went down to East Bernstadt last Saturday and bought a fine team of horses. Mr. Rader has accepted a position as traveling salesman and will start out on his initial trip this week.

A horse-back party composed of Mrs. Rhodus, Miss Bogie, Miss Yelvington and Mr. D. O. Bowman spent a very delightful afternoon at the Burdette Mountain last Saturday.

SEE CLARKSTON FOR

Deering Mowing Machines and Rakes

MAIN STREET, Near Bank

COME TO

THE BEREA FAIR

July 29, 30 and 31, 1914

Bigger and Better Than Ever

FOR CATALOG, ADDRESS

E. T. FISH, Secretary, Berea, Ky.

Mr. D. A. Roebuck, third trick operator, was sick last week. He was relieved by George Engle.

Mr. Jack Baute, freight agent at the L. & N. depot, visited home folks at Paris over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Davis were visiting Mrs. Davis' parents near Paris, Sunday.

Mr. John Muncy spent most of last week at Pine Mt., Ky.

Mr. Horace Beatty and friend, Mr. Ford, were in town Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. J. M. Spahling of Lebanon, Ky., was visiting friends in Berea this week.

Mr. Logan Gabbard was called to Berea Monday on account of the death of his brother, Harry.

Mr. A. P. Gabbard, who was down in Laurel County traveling was also called home on account of his son's death.

Miss Frances Wagers of Richmond was visiting friends at the Tavern Tuesday night.

Mrs. J. G. A. Boyd and three daughters of Louisville are visiting at the Tavern for several days.

Mrs. H. E. Taylor very successful.

THE BEREA FAIR

Why not? Of course it will be the best. Don't you know some of the other fairs have fallen down and everybody far and near will come to the Berea Fair? It is a clean fair, no gambling; fair play for all. The races will be better than ever before. Come low, come tall, come babies and all.

ANNOUNCEMENT

An entertainment will be given in the Parish House Friday evening, July 31, at 7:30 o'clock to mark the end of the summer school, which closes its session on Saturday, Aug. 1. There will be speeches, readings and music and all are invited to join in a good time including both students and townspeople.

THAT SLIDING BOARD

Some Things Respecting Play
Some years ago there was a popular song that contained these lines, "You shan't play in my yard. You shan't slide down our cellar door." Now the cellar door that had such marked attractions (and some slivers in addition) for the children of that generation has been supplanted by the smooth and springy sliding

EYE OPENERS

Gold Medal Flour, per sack 65c

1-2 Gal. Fruit Jars, per doz. 60c

Clean Easy Soap 8 bars 25c



fully underwent a serious operation last Sunday in the German Hospital in Philadelphia. Mrs. Taylor was taken ill on the 12th. We are sorry their vacation took such a serious turn, but hope the Taylors will soon be in our midst enjoying good health.

Mrs. M. E. Vaughn is spending a few days this week at Red House in the interest of the College.

Hello, how about that ad you forgot to send in for this issue? Don't forget there will be another issue next week.

UNION CHURCH NEWS

A fine day, a full church, all helped to make last Sunday's services most enjoyable.

Baptism was administered last Sunday to Misses Marguerite and Susan Porter, who were afterwards received into church membership.

Illness prevented Mrs. Roberts from going to Harts last Sunday. Mr. Wertenberger of The Citizen kindly took her place.

Mr. Burgess' Bible Class will consider a business proposition next Sunday. Every member is expected to be present. All are invited.

Rev. Howard Hudson returns to his work with fresh vigor. He will be at Blue Lick next Sunday.

board which gives such unbounded joy to the children of today.

Berea is to have a brand new school building and it is going to be a fine one. Moreover it is going to have a good frontage on the Main street, owing to the pride of the citizens. Around this school building there is a fine yard, well shaded with beautiful oaks. Should there not be under these beautiful oaks a complete equipment of substantial play apparatus for our children? Are the children any where any better? Are they any more worthy of the best?

Wouldn't you like to see as you go by, several substantial swings, some solidly made teeter-boards, three or four good sliding boards, and two or three big sand boxes for the little children, with an equipment of substantial and simple apparatus for the elder children?

Would not the ladies of the different Churches and Ladies Clubs render a notable service to the community and to the children, if they were to take hold of the matter of providing this equipment? Surely some of our men would be glad to give lumber and others to give skilled labor and still others to give money to provide for this desirable need and thus complete the already fine equipment of Berea's public school.

The fine staff of teachers secured gives us assurance that this year is going to be a notable one in the history of public education in Berea, thanks to the public spirit of the citizens.

LAUNDRY NOTICE

From July 27 to Sept. 14 the Laundry will be open only the first four days of each week, 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. All articles must be in by Monday night to be out Thursday p. m.

GROCERIES,
FRUITS and
VEGETABLES

Prices Always Right

RICHARDSON & COYLE

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE

Main Street

Berea, Kentucky

SALE

Millinery, Ribbons, Laces, Over-laces, Silks, Flowers and Fancy Feathers.

fish's

Corner Main and Center Sts., Berea, Ky.

Joe W. Stephens

Meat Market

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES

Fruits and Vegetables

Mill Feed, Flour and Meal

OUR AIM IS TO PLEASE.

GIVE US A CALL

Main Street, Berea

Clearance Sale
On All Goods

AT

B. E. BELUE & COMPANY

Richmond, Kentucky

The Sale Is Over

But we have a large stock of clothing that must be sold at once regardless of cost or value

How's This for Low?

All Suits Worth \$18.00.....	for \$12.48
" " " 15.00.....	" 11.15
" " " 12.50.....	" 8.75
" " " 10.00.....	" 7.05

We will sell all summer merchandise at reduced prices for a few more days. Come today and get first choice.

HAYES & GOTT

"The Cash Store"

Berea

Kentucky

Crystallized energy stored for future use
—that is what a savings account really is.

WAYS TO SAVE

Just suppose your salary was cut \$10 this month. Your expenses would have to be reduced that amount. The rent would be the same, likewise the cost of food and living, but somewhere in your incidental expenses,—(the small amounts that slip away so easily)—there would have to be a readjustment.

By a simple readjustment in your monthly expenses, placing a limit on your "spending money," you can save \$10 a month. That amount deposited regularly in this bank, with the 4% compound interest we allow, will amount in one year to \$122.30.

It is worth the effort on your part—we help you.

Berea Bank & Trust Co.

Main Street, Berea, Kentucky

DEATH OF HARRY GABBARD

Mr. Harry Gabbard, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Gabbard of Chestnut St., after suffering for about twelve months with tuberculosis, died at his home at about eleven o'clock last Monday. He has been spending the summer out on one of the mountains and seemed to be improving until last week when he contracted severe cold. He came home but the cold could not be checked and he gradually grew worse until death.

Mr. Gabbard had he lived one day longer would have been 23 years old, having been born July 21st, 1891. He was for several years a student of Berea after which he was traveling salesman until his sickness.

The funeral services were conducted by the Baptist Pastor yesterday afternoon at 2:30 at the home with a large crowd attending, after which followed the interment at the Berea Cemetery.

The many friends of Mr. Gabbard extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

DEATH OF CLAUDE CODDINGTON

Mr. Claude Coddington, age 30, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Coddington of Center St., who has been in ill health for some time died at his home, Tuesday night, about nine o'clock.

The funeral services were conducted at the home by Dr. Roberts, pastor of the Union Church after which the remains were buried in the Berea Cemetery.

The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the entire community.

BEREA STUDENTS IN OWSLEY COUNTY CELEBRATE

This week a grand rally of Berea students of Owsley County is to be held at Booneville while the institute is in session. Mrs. Frost is the organizer of the rally. Dr. McAllister at the same time will meet with the teachers in their institute. Dr. McAllister reports a good time at Hazard last week.

CHURCH DEDICATION

On last Sunday the Baptist Church of Valley View, Ky., was dedicated to the Lord.

As Dr. Powell was not able to be there the pastor, D. H. Willett, preached at eleven o'clock and the people were much pleased with his sermon. Dr. Quisenberry, the past-

the other guests they were shown every process in the manufacture of Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post Tavern Special and personally saw these foods being made and shipped.

The Art Gallery in the administration building was one of the most attractive features of the visit as C. W. Post's collection contains many notable paintings, rare relics, tapestries and valuable statues which have been placed on exhibition.

MR. FAULKNER VISITS BERE

Mr. Jas. P. Faulkner, former editor of The Citizen who is now with the State Health Exhibit Car, spent the first of the week in town. Mr. Faulkner for awhile is making those towns where Teachers' Institute are being conducted. Last week was spent at Hazard and this week he will be at Cynthiana. Mr. Faulkner is doing a great work and is meeting with the most hearty cooperation wherever he goes.

IMPORTANT FARMERS' MEETING

Cut Your Fertilizer Bill in Two

Double your crop! Cut your fertilizer bill in two! You can learn how if you will come to the experiment held on Berea Big Hill pike near Silver Creek church Saturday at 3 p. m., July 25.

I am anxious to have two hundred farmers there at that time to show you how badly clover needs lime, what cowpeas, and phosphate will do for corn, etc.

Mr. Farmer, this work is being carried on for you and your boys. Come and bring the boys with you.

COYLE-DAVIS REUNION

The fourth annual reunion of the Coyle and Davis descendants will be here in Van Winkle Grove, Saturday, Aug. 8th.

This reunion which was inaugurated four years ago has grown annually and is considered one of the biggest picnic parties that meets at the Grove and it is expected to surpass this year any previous meeting as there is to be an interesting program in which many of the relations are expected to take part in the reminiscences of "ye olden times."

MADISON COUNTY Big Hill

Big Hill, July 20.—Sunday school at our school house every Sunday at 3:30. Everybody invited. We are having good attendance, but we want more.

The rain last Tuesday raised the waters around the school house, and Miss Hayes and her pupils had to wade from the school house to the lake the water being ankle deep at the shallowest place, but all arrived at Miss Hayes' home safely and when the water ran down they went back to the school house and finished their work.

The baseball game between Blue Lick and Big Hill was a nice game. The score was 15 to 5 in favor of Blue Lick. They will play again next Saturday.—Mrs. Julia Crump has returned to her home in Lexington after spending a few days with relatives here.—Mrs. Joe Reece has been sick but is better.—Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Neely and son, Floyd, spent Saturday at Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hayes. Ice cream and cake was served which all seemed to enjoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Settles from Hamilton, Ohio, have been visiting M. D. Settles and some other places recently.

Slate Lick

Slate Lick, July 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brantcher are sick this week and help of any kind would be acceptable.

Mrs. Richard Parks is still on the sick list. Also Mrs. H. M. Snyder is sick.

The Estridge Bros. passed thru Slate Lick with a nice drove of cattle last week.

Mr. Richard Parks made a business trip to Richmond last week.

Ballard Parks, who has employment in Paris is visiting home folks at present.

Mrs. C. W. Morgan of St. Louis, Mo., and little daughter, Louise, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Williams. Mrs. Morgan will be remembered as Miss Margaret Williams, a former Berea student.

Wedding bells were ringing for Mr. Aleck Elley and Miss Ruth Williams, July 16th. The young couple were married at the home of the bride and immediately left for the groom's father at Wallacetown, Ky. Many congratulations to them.

Mr. Judge Lunsford sold his house and lot to Mr. Lige Williams a few days ago.

Mr. J. M. Kinnard and little son, Henry, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Parks Monday night.

COLUMBUS BUGGIES and MOGULL WAGONS

Are the late arrivals which add two more members to the big family—American Fence, Oliver Chilled Plows, Foster Rangers and V.C. Fertilizers. Sold exclusively by

R. H. CHRISMAN

"The Furniture Man"

Chestnut Street - - - Berea, Kentucky

WORLD NEWS

(Continued from Page 1.)

itor in order to protect her honor. On this ground she is likely to be acquitted.

Home Rule Matter Not Settled

London, July 20.—The Irish problem is still unsolved. The King has called a conference of all the party leaders with a view to find a solution. It is hoped that this conference will be successful. Much reliance is placed upon the persuasive powers of Chancellor Lloyd George, who is to assist the Prime Minister in finding a solution for the Irish difficulty. Much opposition is found in Dublin to a provisional government to be set up in Ulster.

IN OUR OWN STATE

(Continued from First Page)

Lexington Awake on Local Option

Business men of Lexington are considering having an election on the saloon question. Both dries and "wets" met Thursday. The "drys" wanted to make it plain that not all the business men were opposed to an election on local option. They said that some of the most prominent merchants of Lexington were in favor of making the city dry. It was stated that more than half the legal voters of the county would sign the petition.

Mrs. Moody Given \$1,500 Damages

On the 19th, in the Breathitt Circuit Court, Mrs. Moody recovered a judgment of \$1,500 on account of an injury received on a defective sidewalk in Jackson. The remarkable thing about it is that this is the first judgment secured from a jury against the city of Jackson.

Senator Camden Visits the Department of Agriculture

In the interests of the farmers Senator Camden on the 19th made a special visit to the department of Agriculture and had a long conference with Secretary Houston, head of the department. He is advocating cooperation of the farmers. He says they are realizing only half of what they are entitled to under present conditions. He went into details carefully at the department and was convinced that the chances for Kentucky is to become a great farming state, and that the character of her agriculture will determine the character and development of her people.

U. S. NEWS

(Continued from First Page)

Street Car Panic

On the 19th in Chicago, Ill., while an old-fashioned four wheel street car loaded to the steps was working along at high speed a fuse box blew out beneath the car. Flames leaped from beneath and the car filled with smoke, but the passengers into a state of terror. Before the car was stopped the passengers had escaped bruised and some seriously injured.

WEALTH MASTER

(Continued from Page 1.)

liness," he added, humorously.

"Finance has its part, too," said the other. "Give me millions enough and I'll rid any city of its worst scourge, tuberculosis."

"Then I wish to heaven you had the millions to spend here in

This Bank Wishes to Keep Constantly Before

You the fact that Your Business it is seeking

AND IS PREPARED TO CARE FOR IT

Capital - - - - - \$25,000
Profits, - - - - - \$29,000

BEREA NATIONAL BANK

BEREA, KENTUCKY

J. L. GAY, Cashier

Semi-Annual Report of the State Bank and Trust Co.

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY
At Close of Business June 30th, 1914

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$192,791.56
Bonds Owned.....	53,393.75
Overdrafts.....	6,012.66
Real Estate Owned.....	10,500.00
Cash in Our Vault.....	39,276.29
Due from Other Banks.....	310,351.81
TOTAL.....	\$321,326.09

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$150,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	30,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	372.93
Individual Deposits.....	\$717,388.73
Due to Other Banks.....	328.45
Trust Funds Deposits.....	23,235.98
Total Deposits.....	740,953.16
TOTAL.....	\$921,326.09

The above is a true and correct statement of the condition of the State Bank & Trust Company of Richmond, Ky., at the close of business on June 30, 1914.

R. E. TURLEY, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me by R. E. Turley this July 1st, 1914.

Wm. C. SMITH, Notary Public

Your Business is Solicited

Everything a Man Needs Special Hosiery Offer

Guaranteed Wear-Ever Hosiery For Men And Woman Ladies' Special Offer For Limited Time Only—Six pair of our finest 35c value ladies' guaranteed hose in black, tan or white colors with written guarantee, for \$1.00 and 10c for postage, etc.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR MEN

For a limited time only, six pair of our finest 35c value Guaranteed Hose any color with written guarantee and a pair of our well known Man's Paradise Garters for one dollar, and 10c for postage, etc.

You know these hose; they stood the test when all others failed. They give real foot comfort. They have no seams to rip. They never become loose and baggy as the shape is knit in, not pressed in. They are Guaranteed for fineness, for style for superiority of material and workmanship, absolutely stainless and to wear six months without holes, or a new pair free.

Don't delay, send in your order before offer expires. Give correct size.

WEAR-EVER HOSIERY COMPANY

Dayton, Ohio

\$1 Complete Shaving Outfit \$1

10 Articles 10

To advertise our Universal Shaving Outfit and Universal Products we will for a limited time only, send this well worth \$3.00 Shaving Outfit for \$1.00. We sell our products to the consumer direct and therefore you save all agents' profits which as you know are very large.

- 1 Hollow Ground Razor.
- 1 5-inch Lather Brush.
- 1 Razor Strip, Canvas Back.
- 1 Nickel Easel Back Mirror.
- 1 33-inch Barber Towel.
- 1 Bar Shaving Soap.
- 1 Box Talcum Powder.
- 1 Decorated China Mug.
- 1 Aluminum Barber Comb.
- 1 Bristle Hair Brush.

Each outfit packed in neat box \$1.00. Coin or Money Order, postage 10c extra.

UNIVERSAL PRODUCTS CO.

Dayton, Ohio

The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of
"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"
"THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

A story of border Mexico, vivid, intense, such as has never before been written, is this one of American adventures into the land of manana. Texan, mining engineer, Spanish señor and señorita, peon, Indian, crowd its chapters with clear-cut word pictures of business, adventure and love, against a somber background of wretched armies marching and counter-marching across a land racked by revolution and without a savior.

"Boys," he said, "I'm feeling lucky today or I'd never have closed this deal. I'm letting you in on one of the biggest things that's ever been found in Sonora. Just to show you how good it is, here's my smelter receipts for eight hundred pounds of picked ore—one thousand and twenty-two dollars! That's the first and last one that's ever been shipped from the old Eagle Tail. I dug it out myself, and sacked it and shipped it; and then some of them crooked Mexican officials tried to beat me out of my title and I blew up the whole works with dynamite!"

"Yes, sir, clean as a whistle! I had my powder stored away in the drift, and the minute I found out I was euchred I laid a fuse to it and brought the whole mountain down. That was ten years ago, and old Aragon and the agente mineral have had the land located ever since."

"I bet they've spent five thousand pesos trying to find that lead, but being nothing but a bunch of ignorant Mexicans, of course they never found nothing. Then Francisco Madero comes in and fires the agente mineral off his job and old Aragon lets the land revert for taxes. I've got a Mexican that keeps me posted, and ever since he sent me word that the title had lapsed I've been crazy to relocate that claim."

"Well, now, that don't look so bad, does it?" he asked, beaming paternally at Bud. "There ain't a man in town that wouldn't have jumped at the chance, if I was where I could talk about it, but that's just what I couldn't do. I had to find some stranger that wouldn't sense what mine I was talking about and then get him to go in on it blind."

"Now here's the way I'm fixed, boys," he exclaimed, brushing his unkempt beard and smiling craftily. "When I dynamited the Eagle Tail it was mine by rights, but Cipriano Aragon—he's the big Mexican down at old Fortuna—and Morales, the mineral agent, had hounded me out of the title."

"So, according to law, I blowed up their mine, and if I ever showed up down there I reckon they'd throw me into jail. And if at any time they find out that you're working for me, why, we're ditched—that's all! They'll put you out of business. So, after we've made our agreement and I've told you what to do, I don't want to hear a word out of you—I don't want you to come near me, nor even write me a letter—just go ahead the best you can until you win out or go broke."

"It ain't a hard proposition," he continued, "if you keep your mouth shut, but if they tumble, it'll be a fight to a finish. I'm not saying this for you, Hooker, because I know you're safe; I'm saying it for your partner here. You talk too much, Mr. De Lancey," he chided, eying him with sudden severity. "I'm afraid of you!"

"All right," broke in Hooker good-naturedly, "I reckon we understand. Now go ahead and tell us where this mine is and who there is down there to look out for."

"The man to look out for," answered Kruger with venom, "is Cipriano Aragon. He's the man that hiked me out of the mine once, and he'll do it again if he can. When I went down there—it was ten years and more ago—I wasn't on to those Spanish ways of his, and he was so doggedly polite and friendly I thought I could trust him anywhere."

"He owns a big ranch and mesquite still, runs cattle, works a few placers, sends out pack-trains, and has every Mexican and Indian in the country in debt to him through his store, so if he happens to want any rough work done there's always somebody to do it."

"Well, just to show you how he did me, I got to nosing round those old Spanish workings east of Fortuna and finally I run across the ledge that I'm telling you about, not far from an abandoned shaft. But the Mexican mining laws are different from ours, and an American has lots of trouble anyway, so I made a trade with old Aragon that he should locate the claim for me under a power of attorney. Didn't know him then like I do now. The papers had to be sent to Moctezuma and Hermosillo, and to the City of Mexico and back, and while I was waiting around I dug in on this lead and opened up the prettiest vein of quartz you ever saw in your life. Here's a sample of it, and it's sure rich."

He handed De Lancey the familiar piece of quartz and proceeded with his story.

"That ore looked so good to me that

I couldn't wait—I shipped it before I got my title. And right there I made my mistake. When Aragon saw the gold in that rock he just quietly recorded the concession in his own name and told me to go to hixes. That's the greaser of it! So I blew the whole mine up and hit for the border. That's the Dutch of it, I reckon," he added grimly. "Anyway, my old man was Dutch."

He paused, smiling over the memory of his misplaced credulity, and Hooker and De Lancey joined in a hearty laugh. From the town hum that he had first seemed this shabby little man had changed in their eyes until now he was a border Croesus, the mere recital of whose adventures conjured up in their minds visions of gold and hidden treasure.

The rugged face of Bud Hooker, which had been set in grim lines from the first, relaxed as the tale proceeded and his honest eyes glowed with admiration as he heard the well-planned scheme. As for De Lancey, he could hardly restrain his enthusiasm, and, drawn on by the contagion, Henry Kruger made maps and answered questions until every detail was settled.

After the location had been marked, and the lost tunnel charted from the corner monuments, he bade them remember it well and destroyed every vestige of paper. Then, as a final edification, he said:

"Now go in there quietly, boys—don't hurry. Prospect around a little and the Mexicans will all come to you and try to sell you lost mines. Cruz Mendez is the man you're looking for—he's honest, and he'll take you to the Eagle Tail. After that you can use your own judgment. So good-by—he took them by the hands—and don't talk!"

He held up a warning finger as they parted, and Bud nodded briefly in reply. Silence was a habit with him, desert-bred, and he nodded his head for two.

CHAPTER IV.

From the times of David and Jonathan down to the present day the world has been full of young men sworn to friendship and seeking adventure in pairs. "Partners," they call them in the west, and though the word has not crept into the dictionary yet, it is as different from "partner" as a friend is from a business associate.

They travel together, these partners of the West, and whether they be cowboys or "Cousin Jacks," the boss who fires one of them fires both of them, and they go share and share in everything.

Bud Hooker and Philip De Lancey had met by chance in El Paso when the revolution was just beginning to holl and the city was swarming with adventurers. The agents of the rebels were everywhere, urging Americans to join their cause. Military preferment, cash payments, and grants of land were the baits they used, but Hooker stood out from the first and took De Lancey with him. A Mexican promise did not pass current where he was born and they went to the mines instead.

Behind them the battle waged; Casas Grandes was taken and retaken; Juarez, Agua Negra and Chihuahua fell; Don Porfirio, the Old Man of Mexico, went out and Madero took his place; and still they worked for their stake.

Then new arms and ammunition flowed in from across the border; Orozco and his rebel chiefs went out, and the breath of war fanned higher against the hills. At last the first broken band of rebels came straggling by, and, reading hate and envy in their lawless eyes, the Americans dug up their gold at sundown and rode all the night for their lives.

And now, welded together by all that toil and danger, they were partners, cherishing no delusions as to each other's strength or weakness, but joined together for better or worse.

It was the last thing that either of them expected, but three days after they fled out of Mexico, and with all their money unspent, the hand of fate seized upon them and sent them back to another adventure.

It was early morning again, with crowds along the street, and as they ambled slowly along toward the line the men on the corners stared at Bud. The bunch of cowboys gazed at Bud, who sported a new pair of high-heeled boots, and knew him by the way he rode; and the mining men looked eagerly at De Lancey, as if to guess the secret of his quest.

A squad of mounted troopers, riding out on border patrol, gazed after them questioningly, but Bud and Phil rode on soberly, leading their pack, and headed for Agua Negra across the line.

It was a grim place to look at, this border town of Agua Negra, for the war had swept it twice. A broad waste of level land lay between it and the

prosperous American city, and across this swath, where the Mausers and machine guns had twice mowed, lay the huddle of low houses which marked the domain of Mexico.

Fussy little customs officials, lurking like spiders in their cooped-up guardhouses, rushed out as they crossed the deep trench and demanded their permit to bear arms. The moment they crossed the line the air seemed to be pervaded with Latin excitability and Indian jealousy, but De Lancey replied in florid Spanish and before his polite assurances and fal-



Made Maps and Answered Questions Until Every Detail Was Settled.

some compliments it was dispensed in a moment.

"Good! Pass on, amigos," cried the beady-eyed little jefe, pasting a label on their pack. "Adios, señores," he added, returning Phil's salute with a military flourish, and with a scornful glance at Bud he observed that the gentleman was muy caballero.

"Huh!" remarked Bud, as they rode on through the town, "we're in Mexico all right, all right. Talk with both hands and get hoo with your eyebrows—and holy Joe, look at them pelones!"

The pelones referred to were a squad of Mexican federal soldiers, so-called from their heads being shaved, and they were marching doggedly to and fro through the thorny mesquite bushes in response to shouted orders from an officer. Being from Zacatecas, where the breed is short, they stood about as high as their guns; and their crumpled linen suits and flapping sandals detracted sadly from the soldierly effect.

Big and hulking, and swelling with the pride of his kind, Hooker looked them over slowly, and spoke his hidden thought.

"I wonder," he said, turning to Phil, "how many of them I could lick with one hand?"

"Well, they're nothing but a lot of petty convicts, anyway," answered De Lancey, "but here's some boys ahead that I'll bet could hold you, man for man, husky as you are, old fellow."

They were riding past a store, now serving as an improvised barracks, and rumpling about in the streets were a pair of tall Yaqui Indians, each decorated with a cartridge-belt about his hips in token of his military service. Laughing and grabbing for holds, they frolicked like a couple of boys until finally they closed in a grapple that revealed a sudden and pantherlike strength.

And a group of others, sunning themselves against the wall, looked up at the Americans with eyes as fearless as mountain eagles.

"Yes, that's right," admitted Bud, returning their friendly greeting, "but we'll never have no trouble with them."

"Sure," jeered Bud, "when they're sober! But you get a bunch of 'em drunk and ask 'em what they think of the gringos! No, you got to show me—I've seen too much of 'em."

"You haven't seen as much of 'em as I have, yet," retorted De Lancey quickly. "I've been all over the republic, except right here in Sonora, and I swear these Sonorans here look good to me. There's no use holding a grudge against them. Bud—they haven't done us any dirt."

"No, they never had no chance," grumbled Bud, gazing grimly to the south. "But wait till the hot weather comes and the revolucos come out of their holes; wait till them Chihuahuas grease their tails out up in the Sierras and come down to get some fresh mounts. Well, I'll tell 'em one thing," he ended, reaching down to pat his horse, "they'll never get old Copper Bottom here—no unless they steal him at night. It's all right to be cheerful about this, Phil, and you keep right

on being glad, but I got a low-down hunch that we're going to get in bad."

"Well, I've got just as good a hunch," came back De Lancey, "that we're going to make a killing."

"Yes, and speaking about killings," said Bud, "you don't want to overlook that."

He pointed at a group of dismantled adobe buildings standing out on the edge of the town and flanked by a segment of whitewashed wall all splattered and breached with bullet-holes.

"There's where these prize Mexicans of yours pulled off the biggest killing in Sonora. I was over here yesterday with that old prospector and he told me that that wall in the building. After the first big fight they gathered up three hundred and fifty men, more or less, and threw 'em in a trench along by the wall—then they blew it over on 'em with a few sticks of dynamite and let 'em pass for buried. No crosses or breaking. Excuse me, if they ever break loose like that—we might get planted with the rest!"

"My Jove, old top," exclaimed De Lancey, laughing teasingly, "you've certainly got the blues today. Here, take something out of this bottle and see if it won't help."

He brought out a quart bottle from his saddle-bags and Bud drank, and shuddered at the bite of it.

"All right," he said, as he passed it back, "and while we're talking, what's the matter with cutting it out on booze for this trip?"

"What are you going to drink, then?" cried De Lancey in feigned alarm, "water?"

"Well, something like that," admitted Bud. "Come on—what do you say? We might get lit up and tell something."

"Now lookie here, Bud," clamored Phil, who had a few drinks already, "you don't mean to insinuate, do you? Next thing I know you'll be asking me to cut it out on the hay—might talk in my sleep, you know, and give the whole snap away!"

"No, you're a good boy when you're asleep, Phil," responded Bud, "but when you get about half shot it's different. Come on, now—I'll quit if you will. That's fair, ain't it?"

"What? No little toots around town? No serenading the señoritas and giving the rurales the hotfoot? Well, what's the use of living, Bud, if you can't have a little fun? Drinking don't make any difference, as long as we stick together. What's the use of swearing off—going on record in advance? We may find some fellow that we can't work any other way—we may have to go on a drunk with him in order to get his goat! But will you stick? That's the point!"

Bud glanced at him and grunted, and for a long time he rode on in silence. Before them lay a rolling plain, dipping by broad gulches and dwindling ridges to the lower levels of Old Mexico, and on the skyline, thin and blue, stood the knife-like edges of the Fortunas miles away.

With desert-trained eyes he noted the landmarks, San Juan mountain to the right, Old Niggerhead to the left, and the feather-edge of mountains far below; and as he looked he stored it away in his mind in case he should come back on the run some night.

It was not a foreboding, but the training of his kind, to note the lay of the ground, and he planned just where he would ride to keep under cover if he ever made a dash for the line. But all the time his partner was talking of friendship and of the necessity of their sticking together.

"I'll tell you, Bud," he said at last, his voice trembling with sentiment, "whether we win or lose, I won't have a single regret as long as I know we've been true to one another. You may know Texas and Arizona, Bud, but I know Old Mexico, the land of manana and broken promises. I know the country, Bud—and the climate—and the women!"

"They play the devil with the best of us, Bud, these dark-eyed señoritas! That's what makes all the trouble down here between man and man, it's these women and their ways. They're not satisfied to win a man's heart—they want him to kill somebody to show that he really loves them. By Jove, they're a fickle lot, and nothing pleases 'em more than setting man against man, one partner against another."

"We never had any trouble yet," observed Bud sentimentally.

"No, but we're likely to," protested De Lancey. "These Indian women up in the Sierras wouldn't turn anybody's head, but we're going down into the hot country now, where the girls are pretty, ta-ra, ta-ra, and wait through the windows at midnight."

"Well, if you'll cut out the booze," said Hooker shortly, "you can have 'em all, for all of me."

"Sure, that's what you say, but wait till you see them! Oh, la, la, la," he teased his fingers ecstatically—"I'll be glad to see 'em myself! But listen, Bud, here's the proposition, let's take an oath right now, while we're starting out, that whatever comes up we'll always be true to each other. If one of us is wounded, the other stays with him; if he's in prison, he gets him out; if he's killed, he avenges his—"

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(Continued next week)

Where There's a Will

There Is Also a Way

By BLANCHE I. GOELL

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There isn't any use of living to be as old as the hills as I have unless you can do exactly as you please, especially when your own think-best is a great deal better than anybody else's think best.

Now, I'd been thinking secret-like and saying open that 'twas high time my grandniece Luella was married.

It wasn't likely that I could live on indefinitely, and it might be some amusement to me in the hereafter to recollect the features of Luella's husband.

And it would be pleasant to have a little child about, a boy or a girl, for me to pet during the few remaining years to me on earth, when one naturally inclines to the young.

I didn't know where an eligible young man was coming from in these parts. But from the minute I was born I always had an opinion on every subject, and I knew I'd find the young man somehow.

So when young Dudley Holbrook's auto turned turtle in front of my yard, and young Dudley Holbrook draped himself around my stone post and garden gate with a broken arm and a broken collar bone I had the idea man carry him straight up to the spare room.

After the doctor had set his bones and bandaged his head I sat awhile by his bed and listened to his blathering. Then I made up my mind he'd do to marry Luella.

Nothing's so good an index of character and past actions as delirium talk, and, after I listened hard for fifty-five minutes and heard no mention of chorizo girls, jack pots or other metropolitan poisons, I decided he'd do.

So, going out from the sickroom, I addressed my grandniece:

"It's a special dispensation for you, Luella, an act of Providence. This young man's name, according to cards and other memoranda in his pockets, is Dudley Holbrook. The newspapers had a deal to say last year about the fortune old Holbrook left his sons when he died. I consider this a most suitable marriage for you."

Luella's brown eyes opened wide. It's a way they have when Luella is angry. But I won't tolerate anger in a young person and prepared to say so. But all that Luella uttered was:

"What about the young man, and what about Freddie?"

My grandniece has a most annoying habit of bringing up topics wholly irrelevant to the subject under discussion. What had my grandnephew Freddie to do with the question?

"Freddie!" I stormed. "Don't you dare think of marrying Freddie! If ever I had such an idea in my head for you 'twas when he was in kilt and not in college. Freddie indeed! There is too much society about Freddie. It's all frill and varnish and varnish and frill. Too much society, I say. I won't have you marry Freddie!"

I went back to the sickroom and took another look at the injured young man. He had a strong body, a clear, fresh skin and a look about the part of him that wasn't bandaged that told me he hadn't abused the money his father had left him.

So, having made up my mind that if the young man didn't die he should marry Luella, I felt quite comfortable to have her future settled.

He didn't die, and I interviewed him often in the days when he was getting well in my front spare room. Everything I learned was to my satisfaction.

He wasn't entangled with any other girl, had no family connections nearer than China, was sound physically and nothing extraordinary mentally. Luella had often been unkindly in her childhood, but I didn't care to punish her to the extent of tying her for life to any man of genius.

So the third week that the young man lay in my front spare room, up one flight, I came to the point very plainly.

"What do you think of my grandniece Luella?" I demanded bluntly.

The boy flushed and turned uneasily in bed.

"She's ripping, isn't she? So straight and strong! Sometimes I hear her singing when she runs off down the garden. She does all sorts of things, doesn't she? Once, when I was propped up in bed staring out at the apple trees, I saw her run down the slope and leap the little brook. Took it splendidly. Gee! I wish I was up and could go walking with her!"

"She's a good, sensible girl, is Luella. I looked him squarely in the eye. "Young man, you'll go a long way before you'll see another such girl as Luella."

"I believe you!" he cried fervently. "So in my mind 'twas as good as settled."

Things went on just as I meant they should. But because I made no mention of my plans Luella seemed to think I'd forgotten them, and she didn't once demur when I sent her in every afternoon to read to the invalid.

The young man got well, of course, but he didn't go away. He declared my old country place was the most delightful spot in New England and that he felt more at home there than else-

where. Of course I wasn't fool enough to think my old farm was enchanting a healthy young man who'd traveled over Europe, Asia and Africa, but I didn't say anything. I let him stay.

And one day he blurted out what I knew must come:

"Mrs. Thayer, I'm in love with Luella. You've been mighty good to me this summer—taken me in off the road, patched up my wounds, kept me on faith—I owe you a lot already. Are you willing I should speak to Luella and make my debt of gratitude to you all the bigger?"

"Why do you say all this to me?" I demanded. "You're not in love with me, are you?"

"Good heavens, no!" he ejaculated, and then he looked frightened when I glared at him.

"Then don't waste your time talking to me," I retorted.

Things were going so much to my liking that I felt free to drive to the village and have my lawyer draw up a new will and attend to various other tangled legal affairs.

'Twas somewhat absorbing, because that lawyer thinks he must do things in a certain way, but I know what I want, and my way's always best.

These matters preoccupied my time so much that I didn't have much leisure to give to the young folks' matrimonial arrangements, which I supposed were progressing according to the lines I'd laid out. But when young Holbrook burst into my presence, looking kind of wild and dejected, I saw at once I'd have to give more time to his affairs.

"What's the matter?"

He splashed round the room desperately.

"I'm six feet tall, broad shouldered proportionately, look manly enough, don't I?" he demanded angrily. "I never thought my worst enemy could any I wasn't masculine! But Luella treats me as if I were sentimental and silly and—effeminate. I've tried in every way imaginable, but somehow I can't get at it the proposal. I mean she won't walk or drive with me any more; she won't let me get near the subject. This afternoon I made up my mind I'd say it somehow. And where did I find her? In the barn—superintending the packing of the egg crates! You don't want your niece to spend her time in the barn counting eggs—now, do you, Mrs. Thayer?"

"It's just as well to keep our own figures as to how many eggs the men ship, when there's nothing more important on hand," I answered sagely.

He dissented impatiently.

"Well, I said to her: 'I've something awfully important I want to say to you. Can't you give me a little time alone?' She sent the man and maid away, and then she whirled round with her watch out. 'We've got to get those crates off for the afternoon train,' she declared. 'I can give you just five minutes. Now, say what you want! Hang it all, how can a man propose across a dozen crates of eggs?'

I had suspected this practical trait in Luella, but never dreamed it had developed to this extent. I seized my gold-headed cane and pounded vigorously.

"Luella, come here!"

The girl came, flushed from running. "Luella, give this young man more than five minutes. He wants to marry you."

"—I love you!" he stammered. "Luella, will you have me?"

"No," cried Luella furiously. "Never!"

"Daddy totty!" I exclaimed in anger. "Of course you'll have him, Luella. I've made up my mind to it. I won't be grieved."

"I won't be married offhand to the first stranger who pitches himself across our front door yard!" cried Luella passionately, her eyes widening. "I won't—I won't—I won't!"

I was amazed at Luella. Never have I seen such a display of obstinate pig-headedness in any individual, and after I had made up my mind to this advantageous marriage the first day I saw the young man. It was preposterous!

I stamped my cane upon the floor, but forced myself to keep calm.

"Luella, I love with finality. I have decided it is most advantageous for you to marry Dudley A. Holbrook."

"Hold on," the young man interrupted. "I'm not Dudley A. Holbrook. He's the rich New Yorker."

It always irritates me to be interrupted, particularly by young people. And this interruption was especially annoying, as it made Luella flare up. She turned on me like a whirlwind.

"It serves you right, Aunt Myra, that he isn't the rich Dudley Holbrook. It shows you the futility of such sordid matchmaking—trying to marry a girl off in that way—your own niece, too—it's outrageous!"

Something caught in Luella's voice, and the tears brimmed over in her brown eyes. Waterworks don't affect me, but the young man sprang toward her eagerly.

"Luella, did you turn me down because you thought I was the Dudley A. Holbrook?"

"Yes," came in muffled tones from Luella's averted head.


"Will you reconsider now that you know I'm just Dudley Holbrook and I love you?"

Luella's brown eyes met his eager gaze, and the anger died away in them. Then she flung back her head and looked at me defiantly.

"Yes!" her voice rang out triumphantly.

But, bless you, I only laughed within myself, for, as I said in the beginning, I know my own think-best is a deal better than anybody else's think-best.

IN THE HOME



VERSE FOR THIS WEEK

Let love through all my conduct
shine,
An image fair, though faint, of
Thine;
Thus let me His disciple prove,
Who came to manifest Thy love.
Simon Browne.

DID YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?

Some years ago in considering Psalm 91 I became puzzled to know what the psalmist had in mind by using the word "fortress." I went to my dictionary to find the difference between "fort" and "fortress," and the difference there defined was so slight as to be scarcely worth noticing. And yet in talking with soldiers and army people I noticed that they made a difference, never speaking of a "fort" as a "fortress," or of a "fortress" as a "fort." So one day I went to an old army general and said, "I am puzzled to know the difference between a 'fort' and a 'fortress.' I have gone to the dictionary and it seems no wiser than I." I said, "First of all, is there any difference?" He said, "Of course. A fort is a fort." "Yes," I said, "a very good definition, like I expected!" He said, "Hold on a bit. A 'fort' is one 'fort,' but a 'fortress' is two or more 'forts.'" I came back to the ninety-first Psalm with an entirely new light upon its meaning, and I read in it what I had not seen before. "He is my 'fortress'—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, a Trinity of forts so placed at every angle as to protect me against the approach of the enemy, and to defend me when the enemy does make an approach."—The Christian Herald.

NATURE NEVER MADE A GARDEN

In the July Woman's Home Companion Anne Bryan McCall, writing her "Tower Room" talk, makes the following interesting comment on man and nature working together as gardeners:

"When we sit with our hands idle, nature still goes about her business and does as she chooses; and her work is beautiful enough to be sure—woods, fields and mountains. But when man enters into a companionship with her, when he does his share, she pauses, pleased. It seems, and gives him a result of his labors. These rose trees here in my garden today so exquisite in their heavy blooms, these are not unaided nature's work. Had you asked nature for a rose you would receive at her hands the exquisite wild rose, but not these. These are what we call 'cultivated' flowers, and that means they are the result

of work which man and nature have done together. Nature makes glorious things enough; but nature alone never made a garden."

NO ONE ELSE ON EARTH HAS A JOB LIKE THIS MAN

In the "Interesting People" department of the June American Magazine appears a picture and sketch of Owen Egan who, as Inspector of New York's Bureau of Combustibles, has opened, analyzed, and destroyed over 5,000 bombs in nineteen years of uninterrupted and dangerous duty. He receives a salary of \$4,500 a year, and no one has ever offered to succeed him when he quits. No life insurance company will take a risk on him, and if he is injured while opening a bomb he cannot sue the city for damages. There isn't another job like his in the world. Following is an extract from the article:

"The 'bomb industry' in New York began to be a serious menace ten years ago, but in those days Egan had no hour or two to himself. Nowadays bombs are coming so fast he calls up the Bureau of Combustibles every half hour to let one of the three bosses know where he is. To show the increasing popularity of blackhand extortion—Egan handled only thirteen bombs in 1908, while last year there were one hundred and forty-five with a property damage estimated at \$17,430, an increase of ninety-three over 1912.

"And every one of the unexploded bombs found is capable of blowing Egan to smithereens were it not for the care he takes to safeguard his life. Once he has literally picked a bomb apart and has supplied the police with working clues, he unconsciously finds himself the enemy of the very men who make bombs. Yet, cognizant of that fact, he carries no revolver for protection, and the only means he uses to elude the vengeance is to keep his whereabouts secret. You won't find his name, address or telephone number in any directory, and long ago he discarded the use of mail boxes. Should you call at Fire Headquarters and ask where Egan lives they will puncture you with a thousand questions and yet tell you nothing."

COLD DRINKS AT YOUR PICNIC

In the "Exchange" department of the July Woman's Home Companion—a department devoted to household news contributed by readers—appears the following picnic suggestion made by a Nebraska woman:

"When carrying your luncheon to the woods, if you are not fortunate enough to own a thermos bottle, fill a two-quart jar with small pieces of ice, sealing same and wrapping in many layers of newspaper. The ice will keep in this manner at least twelve hours. For iced tea I make the tea very strong and carry in pint jar."

TROOPS SHOULD BE ORDERED

Columbus, O.—Sheriff James H. Anderson, of Belmont county, wired Gov. James M. Cox that the mining situation in that county was beyond his control and that only the immediate use of state troops would prevent great damage to property and disorder there. The message from Sheriff Anderson stated that no damage had been done overtly to property yet, which may operate to delay any sending of troops, but the sheriff makes plain the strained situation.

American Red Cross

Saturday, August 22, 1914, will be the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Red Cross Treaty or the Treaty of Geneva.

Reviewing the history of the Red Cross as a world-wide institution, an editorial in the American Red Cross Magazine for July will say in part:

"Fifty years have rolled by since the holding of that first international convention in Geneva, Switzerland, when the Red Cross Treaty was adopted. That was on August 22, 1864. For a half century the humanitarian arms of the civilized nations of the world have been marching to the relief of distressed peoples under the banner of the red cross on a white ground. Almost everywhere human beings exist today the Red Cross is recognized as the insignia of mercy, succor and neutrality.

"Partly due to the work of the United States Sanitary Commission in safeguarding the health and alleviating the suffering of the sick and wounded during the Civil War, conferences were held in Geneva in 1863 and 1864, at which first fourteen, then twenty-five countries were represented, out of which grew the organization and recognition of permanent Red Cross societies throughout the world. Field agents of the United States Sanitary Commission subsequent to the convention of 1864 were the first relief workers to use the red cross sign and flag in actual service.

"In this second conference the actions of the convention of 1863 were

reviewed and the Red Cross Treaty, proposing a new rule of international law, was entered into. The United States was represented by her minister, Mr. George C. Fogg, and by Mr. Charles S. P. Bowles, the European agent of the Sanitary Commission. According to these gentlemen, the documents and statistics telling of the practical effects of the efforts of the Sanitary Commission in preventing and alleviating suffering during the Civil War proved of the utmost value to the second Geneva congress, and Mr. Bowles goes so far as to say that but for these visible demonstrations of the benefits of organized relief work this congress probably would have been a failure.

"The resolutions and recommendations may be summarized as follows:

"First—That each government extend its sanction, authority and protection to sanitary commissions and their relief corps.

"Second—That in time of war the privilege of neutrality be extended to ambulances, military hospitals, officials and attaches of the medical services, regulars and volunteers, to nurses and to the inhabitants in the theater of war who should receive and care for the wounded in their houses.

"Third—That the universal insignia and flag of persons, officials and volunteers, who might assist in the care of the wounded in war, and of ambulances and hospitals in all armies be 'a white flag or band with a red cross.' The cross itself was not otherwise described."

this, he is declared a 'winner. If he fails in any one of the 'stunts' he must wait his turn, but can then begin at the point where he failed.

For the Children

Vinson W. McLean
Has a New Playmate.



© by American Press Association.

Vinson Walsh McLean, whose features are seen in this picture, the millionaire baby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. McLean of Washington and Newport, has recently acquired a new playmate. This person is the son of Dr. Shirley Carter of Warrenton, Va., who is to be the guest of the McLeans for an indefinite period. Both are healthy, happy five-year-olds; but, while the millionaire baby is attended by a nursery governess, two nurses each with a diploma from a training school, a nurse maid or two and two able-bodied detectives, the little Virginian has been taught to stand on his own sturdy feet and to ride the blue ribbon animals of the Carter stable with no other bodyguard than one of his father's jockeys.

The boys will spend the summer at Black Point farm, near Newport. Master McLean, if he inherits all he may be expected to inherit, will have about \$150,000,000 and be the richest boy in America. His grandfather, the late Thomas F. Walsh of Colorado, left the youngster about \$100,000,000. From his paternal grandfather, John R. McLean, he will inherit at least half as much.

Throwing the Brick.

Draw two lines fifteen feet apart, then divide the boys into two companies, allowing each player a piece of brick or square wood that can be easily thrown. Each player on one side throws his brick, trying to come as near as possible to the line on the other side. The one farthest from the line sets up his brick on the line and the one nearest standing on the opposite side pitches at it. If he fails to knock it over he sets up his brick and the other boy pitches at it. If he succeeds he picks it up, goes back to the line, pitches it again, near the other brick, hops over it and kicks his brick near that of his companion. Then he must pick up his brick and carry it successively on his head, on each shoulder, on his back, on his breast (walking), in the bend of his knee (hopping), in between his legs (shuffling), each time starting at the line and proceeding to the other brick and knocking it over. Finally he marks a square inclosing the brick and about eighteen inches square, and if he can hop over

A Homemade Toy.

Did you ever see boys walk on stilts? It looks like dangerous sport, but it is not after you have a little practice. In fact, you can take rapid strides with them, as do the shepherds in the desert of Laudes, in the south of France. They can run, jump, hop and dance on them with ease and security. When they stand on the stilts they can watch their flock, their feet being protected from the water during the winter and the hot sands in summer. In addition to the stilts, they use a long staff, which they carry in their hands. This forms the third leg when they require rest.

To make stilts procure two poles about six or seven feet long and nail on a strap of leather about one-third from the bottom of each. Into these the feet are placed, the poles being kept in a proper position by the hands and moved forward by the action of the legs. Some American boys nail on wooden supports for the feet to rest upon instead of the leather straps.

Growing Things.

Oh, I am a child of the country, and I love not the cities grim!
My heart is akin to the wild things and the woodlands vast and dim.
Where the winds and the brook make music and the joy of the day is born,
Loud carols the cheerful robin to the lute over the way.
And the growing things and the birds and I welcome the dawn of day.
—St. Nicholas.

Oh, I am a child of the country, and the orchard knows my tread
When the boughs shiver white with blossoms and the buds lie pink and red
And in the hand in the moonlight go my soul's beloved and I.
And we need no words to question, no words to make reply.

Oh, I am a child of the country, and I love the fields at morn,
Where the air comes fresh and fragrant and the joy of the day is born,
Loud carols the cheerful robin to the lute over the way.
And the growing things and the birds and I welcome the dawn of day.
—St. Nicholas.

Some people boast of having descended from their ancestors, while others are proud of having risen above theirs.

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6th Door—Berea College

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Questions Answered

BEREA, FRIEND OF WORKING STUDENTS. Berea College with its affiliated schools, is not a money-making institution. It requires certain fees, but it expends many thousands of dollars each year for the benefit of its students, giving highest advantages at lowest cost, and arranging as far as possible for students to earn and save in every way.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and many assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training and getting pay according to the value of their labor. Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn a part of their expenses. Write to the Secretary before coming to secure employment.

PERSONAL EXPENSES for clothing, laundry, postage, books, etc., vary with different people. Berea favors plain clothing. Our climate is the best, but as students must attend classes regardless of the weather, warm wraps and underclothing, umbrellas and overshoes are necessary. THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE furnishes books, toilet articles, work uniforms, umbrellas and other necessary articles at cost.

LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough room rent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week, in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter for furnished room, with fuel, lights, washing of bedding, 40 to 60 cents for each person.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "DOLLAR DEPOSIT," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc. This is paid but once, and is returned when the student departs.

Second an "INCIDENTAL FEE" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital, library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term; in Academy and Normal \$6.00 and \$7.00 in Collegiate course.

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE, incidental fee and room rent by the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

	VOCATIONAL AND FOUNDATION SCHOOLS	ACADEMY AND NORMAL	COLLEGE
Incidental Fee.....	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	5.00	7.00	7.00
Board 7 weeks	9.45	9.45	9.45
Amount due Sept. 16, 1914....	\$20.45	\$22.45	\$23.45
Board 7 weeks, due Nov. 4, 1914	9.45	9.45	9.45
Total for term.....	\$29.90	\$31.90	\$32.90

	WINTER TERM		
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	6.00	7.20	7.20
Board 6 weeks	9.00	9.00	9.00
Amount due Jan. 6, 1915.....	\$20.00	\$22.20	\$23.20
Board 6 weeks due Feb. 17, 1915	9.00	9.00	9.00
Total for term	\$29.00	\$31.20	\$32.20

*This does not include the dollar deposit nor money for books or laundry.

Special Expenses—Business.

	Fall	Winter	Spring	Total
Stenography and Typewriting....	\$14.00	\$12.00	\$10.00	\$36.00
Bookkeeping (brief course).....	14.00	12.00	10.00	36.00
Bookkeeping (regular course)....	7.00	6.00	5.00	18.00
Business course studies for students in other departments:				
Stenography	10.50	9.00	7.50	27.00
Typewriting, with one hour's use of instrument	7.00	6.00	5.00	18.00
Com. Law, Com. Geog., Com. Arith., or Penmanship, each....	2.10	1.80	1.50	5.40

In no case will special Business Fees exceed \$15.00 per term.

Any able-bodied young man or young woman can get an education at Berea if there is the will to do so.

It is a great advantage to continue during winter and spring and have a full year of continuous study. Many young people waste time in the public schools going over and over the same things, when they might be improving much faster by coming to Berea and starting in on new studies with some of the best young men and women from other counties and states.

Applicants must bring or send a testimonial showing that they are above 15 years old, in good health, and of good character. This may be signed by some former Berea student or some reliable teacher or neighbor. The use of tobacco is strictly forbidden.

Fall Term opens September 16, 1914. Get Ready!

For information or friendly advice write to the Secretary,
MARSHALL E. VAUGHN, Berea, Ky.

Daddy's Bedtime

Story — The Elves Have a Flower Battle.



JACK had suggested that the next day they should go for a walk and get lots and lots of daisies and buttercups and make chains with them.

"That would be a fine plan," said daddy. "And now you remind me of the battle with daisies and buttercups which the elves had the other morning very early while the dew was still on the flowers."

"The elves arranged it all, but they invited the brownies to come. They told the brownies that they were planning to have a battle and that they were to use daisies for their guns and that the brownies must use buttercups. They told the brownies to be sure to bring with them all the buttercups that they possibly could and that they would gather daisies for themselves."

"At last the time came, and the brownies arrived, carrying just as many buttercups as possible. In fact, they were almost completely hidden by the flowers they carried."

"What a delightful idea this is," said one of the brownies to one of the elves.

"Yes; we thought it would be nice," said the elf, "and, besides, it will be nice for the guests we have invited to see the pretty yellow and white flowers being scattered about. We have selected two brownies and two elves to act as judges. All the brownies are to stay on one side of the field and the elves on the other."

"Each brownie is to throw one daisy at a time just as fast as he can to the side where the elves are, and each elf is to do the same thing. They must throw the flowers as quickly as they can, but only one at a time."

"Hurrah," said the brownies, who had listened carefully to the directions; "we will do as you say! Let's begin!"

"So the judges were chosen, and the battle of flowers began."

"The ones who were allowed to look were greatly impressed with the sight before them, for it looked very lovely to see the bright yellow and white flowers being thrown about, and the brownies and elves had lots of fun."

"They tried to be just as quick as they could, but it did seem to take them a long time, especially with the rule of only throwing one flower at a time. But at last they almost reached the last of their flowers."

"Then the excitement that followed! The audience could hardly wait to see which side would win, as they seemed so very even."

"But soon only three buttercups remained on the side of the brownies and four on the side of the elves. And, sure enough, the brownies won. For a prize they were given a most beautiful bunch of buttercups and daisies and also a great big basketful of the most delicious wild strawberries."

